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The Araucanians of Southern Chili.

('Illustrated Christian World.'

The most vigorous and powerful of the tribes found in Chili at the time of the conquest was the Araucanian, and as the war continued through the centuries the confederation became more permanent, and many of the tribes were absorbed by the others, so that at the present time the name Araucanian is generally applied to all the Indians living on the west of the Andes, and many of those on the pampas of the Argentine Republic.

The Spaniards were never able to dispossess these people of more than the northern part of their lands, and the Bio-bio River became the boundary line. After the formation of the Republic not a few battles were fought along the banks of that beautiful river, and an army of considerable size was always kept at the forts there. Even yet there are several of these military posts on the frontier, for the Indians are sure to take advantage of any disturbed condition of the country to make raids upon the farms of the frontier settlers and drive off their cattle, horses and sheep. At the time of the Peruvian war serious outbreaks occurred, and during the recent revolution predatory incursions were of frequent occurrence.

Within the last twenty-five years the frontier line has been pushed southward from the Bio-bio River nearly two hundred miles, sometimes by the sword, but more frequently by peaceful treaty, and, in reality, very largely by means of the deadly aguardiente (whiskey). It is said that there is on file in the offices of the government at Santiago, a document presented by one who was afterwards a Senator, proposing to the Minister of the Interior, in return for certain concessions, to undertake the speedy extermination of the fifty thousand Araucanians by means of his distilleries. That he received any encouragement from the officials is not probable, but it is very certain that those same and other distilleries have played a very important part in the rapid march southward of the frontier line.

A few months ago I passed through the country lying between Temuico and Nueva Imperial, which once was the seat of a very populous and powerful tribe, and where there are still living in their wigwams, thousands of the descendants of the heroic aborigines. The habits and customs of these people are little changed from those of their forefathers of prehistoric times.

Their religious beliefs are very simple. They may be classed as dualists, believing in a good spirit, who is the creator and giver of all good, and an evil spirit, the author of all evil. The good spirit they call Pillan, the thunderer, and the evil spirit, Alhue, the ruler of darkness. They hold firmly to a belief in the existence of the soul, and imagine, as is very natural they should, that the joys of the other world are similar to the highest pleasures of this life. This belief leads them to make provision for the temporary needs of their dead until they can become accustomed to the new life. They bury with the body the things that may be useful to the departed. With the cacique must be buried his horse, saddle, knife, and a suitable supply of wheat, dried meat, and the like. With the housewife must be buried the utensils which she has used in her domestic labor. Over several of the graves in the burying-grounds we visited were large logs about ten feet long, hollowed out on the under side like a boat. High posts curiously carved at the top, with rude figures of human faces or birds, stood at the east, or head, of the graves, as the dead are buried with their faces looking toward the western sky.

At one of the huts we visited, a young girl, twelve or fourteen years old, had recently died, and the friends were gathering for the funeral. Four poles about eight feet high, with forks at the top, had been planted in the ground, and on sticks laid across the tops of these the body was placed and neatly covered over. When a death occurs preparations are at once begun for the funeral, and provisions of all kinds are gathered for the

ARAUCANIAN GIRL.

entertainment of the friends. If the deceased should be the head of the family or the cacique of the tribe, the body will be kept for months, if need be until the time of fruits that an abundance of chicha (strong cider) may be provided. On this the friends will keep drunk many days before the debauch is over. When the body is carried out a troop of horsemen ride on before, dashing furiously about, and the body is carried on a kind of litter, the women and children following on, wailing and screaming. Ashes are strewn along the way, that the spirit may not return to trouble the home.

ARAUCANIAN INDIAN FAMILY AND HUT, SOUTHERN CHILI.

'No Stock in Missions.'

(By S. V. D. Merritt.)

'Is your church far from here, Anna?' I asked, while standing in the doorway, and looking over a broad expanse of monotonous table-land. Nothing in sight to relieve the wearisome sameness, save here and there a gnarled oak-tree. 'No; our church is only four miles from here,' answered Anna. 'But sister Helen's was six miles from her house when she first came to this part of the country. It was a sore trial for Helen not to attend regularly the services of the church, nor to assist in church work; for her husband was at that time in delicate health, and Helen did not like to leave him at home alone. Still, the minister and his wife called upon them very often, and that kept Helen somewhat in touch with church life. This

section of the country is thinly populated, consequently the churches throughout here have small congregations,and ours is particularly small. Why, we have only fifty-three communing members. And I can assure you that it is through much self-denial that the majority of the members of our congregation contribute what they do for our own church expenses, and also for the missionary boards of our own denomination.'

'Missionary boards!' I exclaimed. 'Why, from the appearance of the tiny villages I passed through yesterday coming here, I should think you had all you could do to sustain your own churches, without helping those in foreign lands.'

'True, one would think so. But when we are in sympathy with Christ's cause, we will usually find some way by which we can manifest it. Our parents, and their means were greatly limited, used to say: "Little by little, but given with regularity, amounts to a good deal in time." Helen's husband felt differently about giving to the church. You see, he had not been brought up into it as we had been; therefore, it could not be expected that he would consider it a privilege as well as a duty to assist in spreading the gospel of Christ, not alone in our home land, but in lands beyond the sea.'

'How about your husband in that respect, Anna?' I asked, taking a liberty old schoolmates are privileged to take without giving offence. 'Well, I had a sad experience about that very thing,' Anna answered, gravely. Like Helen's husband, mine had not been brought up in the Church. Lewis was willing for me to contribute for our church expenses, particularly for our minister's salary, because he esteemed him very highly, "None of my money shall ever be sent to foreign lands," Lewis would say over and over again, whenever I endeavored to interest him on the subject of missions. It was a trial for me not to contribute some money when a collection was asked for, for any missionary cause whatever; and a still greater one not to be able to make a contribution to the Woman's Monthly Missionary Society connected with our church. You see, I was in very delicate health for several years after we were married, and it was all I could do to attend to my household duties; otherwise I could have earned some money for missionary causes if Lewis had been willing for me to do so. I am acquainted with three women here who earn the money they contribute for benevolence. Therefore under the circumstances, there was nothing left for me to do but to commit it all into the heavenly Father's hands, and patiently wait and earnestly to pray that the day might not be far distant when Lewis would deem it a privilege quite as well as a duty to send the gospel of Christ to those who knew it not. One day, ah! I can never forget that day. The morning was overcast, but the afternoon was golden! Lewis brought in a newspaper I had never seen before. He said: "Anna, I have subscribed for this paper. They say it throws a clearer light upon the political questions now before us than any other paper. I intend to be thoroughly informed this time before I vote. In fact, every one should read the books and papers treating upon any subject they are, or should be, interested in. That is, if they wish to think and act intelligently. More than half the trouble and misunderstandings in this world is caused by the lack of knowledge."

"You are perfectly correct about that, Lewis," I said. "One should have all the information they can possibly obtain upon anything in which they are, or, as you say, ought to be interested. So I am very glad you have subscribed for that paper. Now let me subscribe for 'The Foreign and Domestic Missionary Magazine' of our church. It is only fifty cents a year. Your business has improved lately. And," I continued, "will you also let me contribute fifty cents a year to the Woman's Monthly Missionary Society connected with our church. As I have frequently told you, I would like to know more about what our missionaries are doing, and also to help them in their work. Please, Lewis," I pleaded. "You are well aware, Anna, that I take no stock in missions, or their magazines either. I was under the impression that the missionary affair had been settled between us some time ago," Lewis replied, somewhat impatiently, as he started for the store. I rarely cry. But I had never cried as I did that morning after Lewis had gone. It did seem to me as if my heart was broken. I could not pray, although I fell upon my knees more than once. I fully realized then, as never before, that the cause so near my heart must henceforth be given up—as far as my help was concerned—otherwise our domestic happiness would be in peril; for we were very happy, notwithstanding we did not agree on the subject of missions. Suddenly it came into my mind, "What am I, or my tiny gifts? The silver and the gold are in my father's hand. So I will patiently wait his will." Just then Lewis came into the room. He had forgotten a paper he needed. I was sorry to have him find me in tears, so I brushed my hair back and said apologetically, that my head ached. It was true, for it felt like bursting. Lewis got the paper, then he went out. In a few minutes he came back into the room, and sitting down beside me upon the couch, he said; "Anna, if you think life will not be worth living unless you take that—that missionary book, you may subscribe for it; and you may give fifty cents for that other missionary cause you mentioned. You know very well," he continued, "that I was not brought up to take any interest in missions, but you were. So let us agree to differ on that subject," and Lewis put two silver dollars in my hand, while bending down and tenderly kissing me."

'"O Lewis! I asked for only one dollar," I sobbed out.

'"That is all right, Anna," he replied. "You have enough now for two years according to your reckoning. And I imagine by that time you will see the uselessness of sending your money where you will never hear from it again, even if it should be sent where you intended. I have my doubts about that."

'The 'Missionary Magazine' will enlighten,' I answered, as Lewis went out of the room.

In less than a half-hour I was on my way to the parsonage, to get the address of the magazine, And in the afternoon I sent a two years' subscription for the same. While on my way home from the post-office I felt as if I was walking on the air. I was so light-hearted, and, oh, so thankful! It seemed to me then as if my heavenly Father had opened to me a way whereby Lewis could see for himself that his impressions on missionary subjects had been very erroneous ones. And, as for myself, I sang aloud, over and over again, before I reached home:

"Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name."

'All this, you must understand, dear schoolmate, occurred several years ago. But now, all is so different, so changed. I plainly see how well it was that our means were greatly limited during the first few years of our married life. If Lewis could have taken all the papers, magazines, and books he so frequently wished for, he, undoubtedly would not have read my 'Foreign and Domestic Missionary Magazine' as he did, at first because it was something right direct from the press, and there was but little of that then in our home. I cannot tell you all just now, how very soon after Lewis united with the church, missionary periodicals as well as our church paper, and other religious matter, made their appearance, from time to time, upon our table. Only three days ago Lewis said: "Anna, I would not have believed it had I been told a few years ago that the time was not far distant when I would most heartily agree with you about the important work missionaries are doing. And that I would be an out-and-out advocate for spreading the gospel of Christ, not only in the destitute parts of our own land, but in lands beyond the sea. Through your influence, dear Anna, and the influence of the Holy Spirit, I feel that I have truly received my sight." Yes; one should be well informed before passing judgment. The missionary magazines and our church paper have been the means of teaching me that lesson particularly. You were very patient with me during the years I differed with you in regard to missions. You bore bravely a hard trial. But now we are one on that subject."

'And there is as great a change in sister Helen's home. Her husband has entirely regained his health; and they have moved to a larger village. Ever since her husband united with the church there, he has been one of its most faithful attendants and liberal contributors. They take several missionary pamphlets, too, besides their church paper, And that is so gratifying to Helen, for she has always been deeply interested in the missionary and church work.'

'When does your Woman's Monthly Missionary Society meet, Anna? I would like to attend one of your meetings while I am here.'

'We meet to-morrow, and I will be delighted to have you go with me. Helen will be there. We do have the most soul-uplifting meetings!. And every now and then we receive interesting letters from our missionaries, both from the home and foreign field.'

Just then the clock struck six. 'Six o'clock already!' exclaimed Anna. 'I told Dinah I would arrange the table for her while she was making the muffins.' And Anna ran lightly down the stairs, humming a familiar air, and leaving me to my own reflections. And, after thinking over all Anna had been telling me, I summed up my thoughts in the words of the Psalmist: 'I waited patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry.'—'Christian Intelligencer.'

Fishers of Men.

Very beautifully, in connection with his own department of missionary enterprise, did Robert Moffat, the father-in-law of Livingstone, and himself for fifty years a Christian Apostle in South Africa, express this thought when, being asked to write in a lady's album, he penned the following lines:

"My Album is in savage breasts
Where passion reigns, and darkness rests
Without one ray of light:
To write the name of Jesus there,
To point to worlds both bright and fair,
And see the pagan bow in prayer,
Is all my soul's delight."

—'The Quiver.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

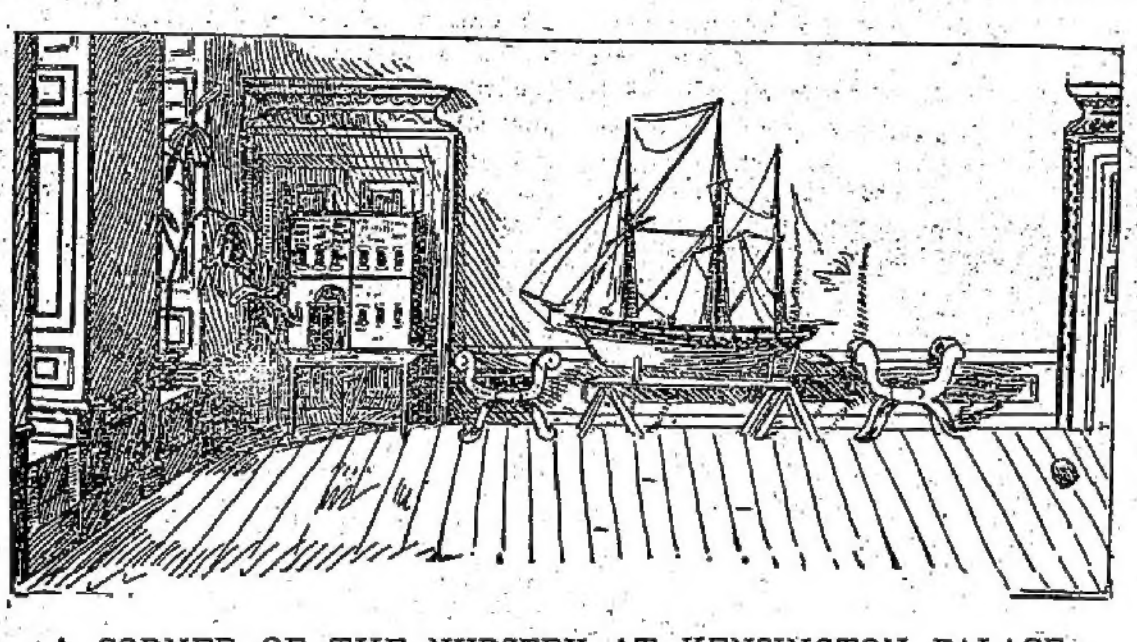
Relics of the Queen's Childhood.

When the Queen was a child she lived for many years at Kensington Palace, where she was born. Her mother, the Duchess of Kent, wisely kept her from mingling much in gay and fashionable society, but, knowing that some day her little daughter might be Queen of England, she did her best to teach her the actual condition of her future subjects. With this in view, from her earliest childhood the little princess was taken about through various parts of the country, visiting all the places of interest near their route.

During one of these journeys the royal party visited a cotton factory, at Belper, where Mr. Strutt, explained to the princess the process of cotton spinning. The factory workers were very pleased to see their future sovereign.

There was one room in Kensington Palace into which the sun shone gladly that bleak, wild morning of March, when we sought the housekeeper's apartments to present our letter from the Lord Chamberlain's office, which was to procure us permission to see over the old building. It was a room on the upper floor, which had served as a nursery.

In one corner stood an old doll's house;



A CORNER OF THE NURSERY AT KENSINGTON PALACE.

next to it was the model of a frigate (said to have belonged to William IV.), and within view was a headless horse.

'Ah,' said the lady, who was kind enough to be our guide, 'that doll's-house was the Queen's when she was a child! I recollect, when the Princess Louise came here one day with the Princess Alice's children, hearing her call to them, "Come here, dears—come and see grandmamma's doll's-house!"'

We opened the door of the little establishment. The coal-scuttle was there, and the fire-irons, and the little paper clock, and the parrot in a cage, and the cups and saucers, and the tables and chairs, and the little bed, and the kettle stood upon the hob; and bolt-upright stood the little pink-and-white doll dressed in pink-and-white muslin.

Let us be glad that the Queen's childhood was permitted to be as the childhood of other children. Swiftly with her womanhood came her full share of sorrows. As with ordinary people, so with kings and queens, childhood is generally the happiest period of their life.

In Kensington Palace the Queen's babyhood, and girlhood, and maidenhood, were passed. In one of the empty rooms on the principal floor, with three windows looking eastward over Kensington Gardens, is a gilt plate placed over the mantel-piece, showing this inscription:—

In this Room
QUEEN VICTORIA
Was Born,
May 24, 1819.

—'Child's Companion.'

Bad Company.

(By Vivian Bachelor.)

'Girls,' said May Lewis, to a group playing in the shade of the tree, 'do you see that girl standing over there by that tree? She is the new scholar that I overheard Miss Barber telling the Professor about. She said that the girl is a mixture. Doesn't seem to understand the regulations of a school, but in spite of her rough-and-ready manners she is warm-hearted and teachable and is anxious to do right. She said in arithmetic she is above the average, as her father keeps a store somewhere in the backwoods and this girl has been his chief clerk for some time.'

'Well, we shall have to sound her and see if she is good fun,' said Jennie Dicks, her eyes dancing with mischief, as she glanced at the new scholar. The bell clanged imperatively, and the pupils filed into the school-rooms. Ruby, the new scholar, walked behind the rest feeling very much out of place among so many strange faces, some of which turned to regard her curiously, and not a few were thoughtlessly unkind by allowing an expression of ridicule to show in the glance, yet when she passed to her seat Miss Barber smiled upon her so kindly that she felt suddenly warmed and encouraged.

The first class was the reading class. Ruby's labored efforts, and ludicrous blunders so convulsed the class that the teacher took pity on her and told her to be seated, resolving to give her private instruction until she could acquit herself creditably before the class.

Next came the mental arithmetic class and Ruby was on familiar ground at once. She listened to each formula with interest and wondered what was the use of going through all that rigmarole, when she had the answer long in advance. The girl next her rose and went smoothly through the example:

'Charles has forty-eight cents and buys a slate-pencil for sixteen cents; how many cents has he left?'

Ruby had just time to think that Charles ought to have had more sense than to pay sixteen cents for a slate-pencil, when she was asked to rise while the teacher read the following example:

'There are thirty-six wild ducks in a flock and a huntsman fires at them and kills eighteen; how many are left?'

Ruby forgot everything and exclaimed in an incredulous tone,

'What, at one shot? I don't believe it! Father is a fine shot, but he never killed eighteen ducks at one clip in all his born days!'

'But, Ruby, I didn't make the statement. It is only an example which I ask you to solve,' said the teacher kindly.

'No, no, please, school ma'am, my folks brung me up to speak the truth and I couldn't say such a lie as that, even if it is printed in a book,' and Ruby shook her head sadly for feeling obliged to refuse her teacher anything.

'Since you look at it in that light, dear, you may work the next one.'

'In school there are twenty-seven boys and thirty-six girls, how many more girls than boys?'

'Now, that's something like,' said Ruby casting a triumphant glance toward the boys' seats. 'Girls don't run away from school to go fishing, as boys does.'

The children burst into a laugh.

'Such remarks disturb the class, Ruby, so please don't make them.'

'Well, then, I won't say another word, teacher. I want to learn awful much.'

The school giggled, and Miss Barber smiled in spite of herself. The girl glanced about her in ludicrous dismay. She knew she had blundered, but she did not know how. An old saying of her father's came to her mind: 'A quiet tongue makes a wise head,' and she resolved to act upon it in school hours.

At recess Ruby stood alone, watching the others at play. She was a chubby Dutch girl of about twelve years of age. Her face was honest and good-natured. It was the habit of a certain group of girls to 'sound' a new pupil to decide if she was 'good fun,' or to be 'one of us.' They now approached Ruby, asked her name, age, and where she lived. Ruby answered readily, glad to have someone to speak to her. Then a girl with tow-colored curls and white blue eyes slipped up to her.

'You're 'way up in elocution, I noticed,' she said, with a sly glance at the group.

'Can't hold a candle to you, though. My! when you stood up there and yellocuted, the shivers ran up and down my back all the time,' said Ruby with honest admiration. At this the girls laughed merrily and clapped their hands. The answer was so pat, for the questioner was rather vain of her elocutionary efforts, though a high-pitched voice gave one a feeling of uneasiness instead of pleasure while listening to her. Her part in the 'sounding' process proved unlucky for her, for even her mates thought the joke too good to keep, and from that hour teased her about her 'yellocution.'

'Do you think you will like the school here?' asked gentle-faced May Lewis, who never approved of the 'sounding' process.

'I'm bound to. Pap says none of us is eddicated, and he wants me to get eddicated, so I'm going to,' said Ruby, with determination.

'Pap!' exclaimed several voices at once, thinking the time had arrived for a little 'fun.' 'Who is your pap, please?'

'Humph, you are queer if you don't know.'

'Since you call your father "pap," you must call your mother "map,"' said a girl laughing at her own originality.

'I never thought of it before, but a good

mother is a kind of map of the world—sort of gives you the lay of the land, you know,' said Ruby, with a tender expression.

'How do you like town society?' asked the girl with the white-blue eyes.

'It's just as pap said; dogs and town young'uns are alike.'

'How's that?' asked the girl, piqued by the comparison.

'Oh, he says, let a country dog come to town and all the dogs pitch into him,' answered Ruby, nonchalantly.

This was a telling truth, and some of the girls had a moment of honest shame, but the questioner turned red with resentment which turned quickly to spite. 'I saw a wild girl at a show one summer. Your sister, I suppose?'

'Shame!' exclaimed several girls under their breath; but Ruby was capable of fighting her own battles, her very innocence and honesty being her best shield.

'My sister just as much as you are a lady-like town girl. Some folks think if they wear kid gloves and a feather bo-wor, they is a lady. My mother don't know much book leaning, but she's a lady at heart, and if you was to go to our house she would treat you like a lady,' said Ruby, looking the girl calmly in the eye.

'There, Clare, that serves you right and you brought it upon yourself!' one girl exclaimed.

'Come, girls, she had better be one of us,' said Blanche Masters, thinking that one so gifted in repartee would better be mustered in at once.

'If you think I am going to join you and help pick on to new scholars, you're mistaken. I won't do it. I'll head 'em off every time,' said Ruby, soberly.

'Oh, we don't mean any harm! It's only in fun,' exclaimed one, feeling ashamed to be reproved by this untaught country girl.

'Queer fun it must be, to torment one another.'

'Oh, come, Fatty. You are voted in, and you and I being opposites, will look nice together. You are solidity and I am frailty,' said Ella Pratt, offering a thin little hand with an air condescending in the extreme. Ruby gratefully took the hand and let her keen eyes wander over the girl's form, then in a tone of kindly concern, asked,

'Have you always been that way? Don't you get enough to eat? Well, you should go home with me and live on cream a while.'

Ruby looked blankly at the girls, not understanding the laugh that pealed forth.

'She's pretty good fun after all, and the "sounding committee" have to take a dose of their own medicine, for once,' said Jennie, laughing quitely.

Here the school-bell called them in-doors.

For several days Ruby avoided the "charmed circle," as they flatteringly called their special group, and played very contentedly with the little girls. It was seldom that one of the 'big girls' deigned to notice the little ones, but Ruby had not only called upon all the little house-keepers ranged along by the high board fence, but she introduced new plays into their imaginary houses, and helped them to have a good time.

In school hours Ruby gave her whole attention to her studies and had already shown remarkable advancement in them. She was a comfort to her teacher, for she gave heed to her instructions and never had to be told the same thing twice. By-and-by it began to dawn upon the older girls that Ruby was purposely avoiding them, and they had a curiosity to discover why. So at recess, one day, Jennie and Blanche linked arms in hers, and asked her to join them in their play. Ruby gently freed herself, and slowly backed away.

'Excuse me, but I'd rather play with the little girls.'

'Don't you like us?' asked one.

'My folks are very strict about the company I keep. They are always telling me not to go in bad company, but to choose such as will help me to be good,' said Ruby thoughtfully.

The girls looked at each other aghast. 'Bad company!' and they from some of the best families in town! Preposterous! Yet this simple-hearted, backwoods girl honestly believed that they were undesirable associates.

'You think we would harm instead of help you, Ruby!' asked Jennie, with a serious face. Ruby slowly glanced around the group, then nodded reluctantly.

'You see,' she explained, 'my folks say we get to be like those we go with—and—and—I want to learn manners and how to do things proper, like Miss Barber. I never had much chance, and I want to grow up the best woman I can. The little girls don't make fun of other girls nor of their teacher, nor make faces and be sly, so I guess I'd rather play with them, if you'll excuse me,' and Ruby walked happily away with half-a-dozen little children clamoring for her help.

'There girls!' exclaimed May Lewis, 'we have had an honest mirror held before our faces, and the reflections ought to be good for us. We see ourselves as others see us. We are looked upon as "bad company," and I don't wonder. We have behaved shamefully. "Bad company!"' and May laughed bitterly.

'I for one am ashamed of myself, and I mean to win that girl's respect yet,' exclaimed Jennie, contritely.

'Now I understand,' said May after a thoughtful silence, 'another way by which Ruby has been measuring us—it is by the expression of Miss Barber's face. She has taken Miss Barber for a model, and well she may, for she is a lady, and I begin to see that we have not treated Miss Barber well, either. I have often noticed that when one of us has annoyed or worried her, Ruby would look so indignant, and no doubt mentally placed a black mark after our names, and so has decided to avoid us. So the only way we can win her friendship will be through Miss Barber, by making teaching a pleasure instead of a burden to her.'

'Then I mean to be so good that Miss Barber's face will be wreathed in smiles when I'm in school,' said Jennie, with a little choke in her laugh.

'Girls!' exclaimed Blanche, impulsively, 'let us all agree to turn over a new leaf, and be good and make our influence be felt for good.'

'Who votes for the new leaf?' said May, holding up her hand. Hand after hand went up, even the tow-curls joining.

Miss Barber was certainly amazed at the sudden good behaviour of her 'special trial' as she mentally termed the 'charmed circle.' Being girls looked up to, their ways were copied by others of their age. There was no more sly fun in school-hours, and their attention to the work in hand helped their teacher to give them of her best. Ruby began to regard the girls in a more favorable light. Her genuine nature and honest-heartedness had so attracted them that each felt a desire to 'grow up the best woman I can,' and Ruby little dreamed that it was herself who had awakened in them this desire.—'The Advance.'

Will you, not, before venturing away from your early quiet hour, 'commit thy works' to Him definitely, the special things you have to do to-day, and the unforeseen work which He may add in the course of it?—F. R. Havergal.

An Unexpected Visitor.

('Sunday-school Messenger.')

Seated at the dinner-table some time ago, an intelligent lady told the writer an interesting story; all the more interesting because it is true. Family connections of the lady are descendants of the hero of the tale.

It was a great many years ago, in France, when the Huguenot Christians were being severely persecuted, that a Christian minister was arrested and put in prison for his faith. It was the intention of his enemies to starve him to death. He was accordingly shut up in a solitary prison cell, which had but a single very small window to give air and light. Here he was left to perish by the slow agony of starvation. Can you imagine the feelings of the prisoner, who well understood the purpose of his captors?

But God had a way of escape prepared for him. On the next morning after he was put into the cell, when he had already been many hours without food or drink, what was his surprise to see a hen hop upon the ledge outside of his cell window, and settle herself as if to lay an egg. Sure enough this was madam hen's intention, and presently the poor prisoner looked through the grating of his window and found his breakfast waiting for him outside. Could he reach it? We may believe that he was not long in making the attempt, and to his delight he found that by a careful and painful use of his fingers, thrust through the bars, he was able to roll the precious egg into the cell. A half-inch further away and he could not have reached it. The next morning the hen returned, and the next and the next. Every morning the appointed visitor came, and left the prisoner's daily food.

How must he have felt as day after day he offered the petition of the Lord's Prayer, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' and saw how surprisingly that prayer was being answered for him! It was like manna sent from heaven. To be sure, it was not a very abundant meal, but it was enough to keep soul and body together. The wonderful nutritive qualities of the egg, especially of the raw egg, were in his favor. The albumen of the white, the nitrogenous and fatty matter of the yolk, served to maintain his strength to a remarkable degree. The egg was not only food, but also drink to him. Nor was the shell, even allowed to go to waste. He pulverized it and ate it with the rest, and the shell, with its lime, its magnesia, its phosphorous, its sulphur and its iron, added to his daily support.

After many days his persecutors appeared, expecting of course to find a dead body for removal. Insetad, they found their prisoner, though without visible means of support, well and strong, seeming to have suffered but little from the starving process to which he had been subjected. Suspecting that friends were in some mysterious manner keeping him alive, they determined to prevent all outside assistance. The prisoner was taken out of his cell and placed in a small boat without sail, oar, or rudder, and set adrift on the open sea. Days passed by, days of exposure, days of danger. Many times, no doubt, the solitary man, floating on the wave, wished himself back in his prison cell, fed by his daily visitor.

At length he was picked up by a passing vessel. The vessel was bound for America. He landed in one of the New England States, and, little worse for his strange adventures, soon gained a foothold in the new land, where he continued his labors as a minister of the gospel. For many years he preached as pastor of a New England church and his

descendants are among our countrymen at this day.

Truth is stranger than fiction. God cares for his own children. 'The very hairs of your head are all numbered.' He has a thousand ways of ministering to our needs. Let us learn to 'trust in the Lord and do good.' 'Trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass.' 'Delight thyself also in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.' 'So shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.'

If any one says to you, reader, that there is no Providence in the world, tell him this story of 'An unexpected visitor.'—Edgar W. Work.

Ladders to Heaven.

'Around our pillow golden ladders rise.'

He was a well-known figure in Shandon market.' Everyone there knew Widow Mansfield's crippled lad, Robin. Every morning, wet or fine, he was wheeled on his mother's hand-cart to the market hall, covered with a piece of sacking, and on his arrival he was carried to the stand where his mother sold her goods, there to remain until the market closed. The days often seemed long and dreary, especially the dark, cold days of winter. But 'anything was better than staying alone in the dreary lodgings in Blank street,' and so Robin was seldom absent from his place in Shandon market, and he was known to everyone.

Mrs. Mansfield was a widow, and Robin was her only child. She had hard work to make both ends meet, more especially as she was a frequent visitor at the 'Half-way House' on Bowden Hill. Every evening, on their way home a visit was paid to this public-house. Robin would never go inside. He remained outside on the hand-cart, often shivering with cold, often crying too, because he knew that his mother was doing wrong; knew that when she came out of the 'Half-way House,' her hand would be unsteady to guide the cart on its homeward way. Except for this, Widow Mansfield was a good mother; but alas! for her one weakness, it was the shadow of Robin's life.

* * * * * * *

The snow had fallen all the day. Shandon market had been almost empty, the sales had been very small. Widow Mansfield and her boy returned home early, having paid the usual visit to the public-house. Robin had been crying again, his heart was very sad. As they reached their home a neighbor came out of her house. In her hand she held a pot of lilies of the valley. Lilies in the winter, from the forcing-house. Robin held up his hands and gave a cry of delight, as the neighbor held the pot for him to take.

'For me?' he cried, 'for me?'

'Yes, for you, Robin,' said the neighbor; 'the kind lady from the castle brought it.'

Robin's face flushed. Life wasn't all sadness. He touched the pure white flowers reverently. On a little label was written, 'Ladders to heaven.' This was the name the lilies went by in the kind lady's native place.

Ladders to heaven! What a beautiful name! Robin talked of it, thought of it, and when he slept he dreamed of it. He thought that by his pillow he saw a golden staircase decorated with lilies. It reached to heaven. Half-way up he saw himself, weakness gone, his strength renewed. At the very bottom of the ladder was his mother, reaching after her boy. Alas! she was drunk, and could not find the first step. Again and again she fell, and though Robin held out his hand it was useless. One more fall and she was out of sight for ever! Robin uttered a great cry. It awoke him, and awoke also his mother by his side.

'What is the matter, Bob?' she asked.

Then the child told her his dream, and they both cried together, for she was sober now.

'Oh, Rob! you must help me, child. I mustn't miss the golden ladder!'

Robin kissed her fondly.

'We'll never stop at the "Half-way House," Mammy dear,' he said; 'I'll always remind you of "Ladders to Heaven."'

* * * * * * *

Robin is happy now. Widow Mansfield has conquered her sin, and together they are mounting the golden ladder to heaven. —'The Adviser.'

LADDERS TO HEAVEN.

Heroism of a Captain's Son.

In a new book entitled, 'The Thackerays in India and Some Calcutta Graves,' by Sir Wm. W. Hunter, it is related that in a Calcutta graveyard rests a brave little midshipman, Billy Speke. 'During the capture of the French settlement of Chandarnagar, the "Kent" received one hundred and thirty-eight cannon-shot through her side next the port. Captain Speke and his son, a lad of sixteen years, were struck at the same moment. After doing what he could for the father, Dr. Ives went to the son. But the lad would not allow him to touch the leg until the surgeon assured him "upon his honor," that his father's wound had been dressed, and promised well. "Then," replied the boy, "pray sir, look to and dress this poor man who is groaning so sadly beside me." I told him that he had already been taken care of. He calmly observed, "Sir, I fear you must amputate above the joint." I replied, "My dear, I must!"

'Upon which he clasped both his hands together, and lifting his eyes in the most devout and fervent manner towards heaven, he offered up the following short but earnest petition: "Great God, do thou enable me to behave worthy of my father's son." I then performed the operation above the joint of the knee; but during the whole time the intrepid youth never spoke a word or uttered a groan that could be heard at a yard distance. After thirteen days of agony (in a hospital on shore), aggravated in a measure by anxieties for his father, and apparently by voices in fevered dreams whispering that his father was dead, the end came. "The dear youth had been delirious," continues the doctor, "the evening preceding the day on which he died, and at two o'clock in the morning, in the utmost distress of mind, he sent me an incoherent note, written by himself with a pencil, containing an appeal on behalf of his father." The incoherent appeal, scrawled by a rushlight, and with almost the last flicker of the boyish brain amid the reeking night-fumes of the hospital, quickly brought the doctor to the bed-side. "He began with me. 'And is he dead?' 'Who, my dear?' 'My father, sir.' 'No, my love; nor is he in any danger, I assure

you. He is almost well.' 'Thank God! Then why did they tell me so? I am now satisfied, and ready to die!' He begged my pardon for having (as he obligingly and tenderly expressed himself) disturbed me at so early an hour, and — died." ' — 'Christian Herald.'

Correspondence

TEMPERANCE STORY COMPETITION.

The prize in this competition has been awarded to Retha Sollons, Port Maitland, N.S.

THE FIRST IN AMERICA.

Dear Editor,—I will endeavor to tell you about the first temperance meeting held in Nova Scotia. We are now convinced that it was the first in America. It was on April 25, 1828. About that time liquor was to be found in every home. My great-grandfather being a strong temperate and religious man, was wrought upon by the Holy Spirit to organize a society that would drive the demon from the place. He therefore left his work and rode on horseback for about five miles, visiting the homes and praying with the families, asking God's help in the work they were about to undertake. They met in the little school-house where they organized a society, in which they drew up the following pledge:—

BEAVER RIVER TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY,

Organized April 25, 1828:

We, the undersigned, firmly believing and most assuredly gathering that the use of spirituous liquors is prejudicial to the body and soul of mankind in general, both spiritual and temporal, and to remedy the great and spreading evil. We, therefore, whose names are hereunto appended, do forever renounce the use of ardent or distilled spirituous liquors, of any kind, except what may be taken as a medicine in case of sickness.

And we pray Almighty God to establish our hearts and strengthen our serious resolutions.

Josiah Porter, Jonathan Raymond, David B. Corning, Ebenezer Corning, William Perry, Joseph Corning, David Corning, sr., David Corning, jr.

Josiah Porter, sr., was the first president, and held the office for nineteen years.

A hall was built on the spot where the pledge was drawn up and is standing to-day, being called Memorial Hall, with the pledge and names on the outside of the building.

RETHA SOLLONS.

Moncton.

Dear Editor,—I think it is very nice for you to keep a page for letters. I have delayed writing a long time, but 'better late than never.' In this letter I am going to tell you about my parrot. I think all children like to hear about parrots.

It will say, 'Polly, Polly, Polly,' for six or seven times, in a choky manner. Sometimes she used to make too much noise, and we would cover her up, and she would say, 'bad Polly, bad Polly,' in a scolding manner. She says 'poor Polly ' in such a pitying tone. Other times she would say, 'Polly wants a pea-nut. Polly wants her dinner. Polly wants apples. Apple, Poll. Come out to dinner, Polly. Hilda, Polly wants a piece of toast. Polly wants her breakfast.' When we were at dinner the other day, she came out to the dining-room, and thinking that we did not notice her, said 'Hello.'

She climbs up on mother's shoulder and picks the hairpins out of her hair. She also climbs up on father's knee. When I come in from school, she looks after me and says, 'Hello.' Whenever any one goes into the room where she is she says 'Hello.'

I received her as a birthday present in August, and we have taught her all these things. She is now a year and four months old. I suppose you are tired of hearing about her, but I am never tired. Thanking you for the invitation to all the readers of the 'Northern Messenger.' to write, and wishing the 'Northern Messenger' success, I remain your ever faithful reader,

GEORGE,
Age ten years.

Shelburne.

Dear Editor,—I would like to try and tell you how I spent my holidays. I went out to Auntie's, which is about six miles from my home, I only intended to stay a few days, but I liked it so much that I stayed a week, and played with my little cousin, not quite three years old. He took much delight in having a 'dinnie paty,' as he called it; but had it at any time of day. He would first put me outside, but I watched in through the window. He would get a cake and break it into little crumbs, and tear two round pieces he called plates out of paper, then take the little bits of cake and set them all round the table, giving each a different name, as he put them around, then he called me in, and we sat down; but noticing that he had no tea, he sent me outside again, while he got it. Then I came in, and he put up his hands to say grace. He would have them open out, so he could see me through, and I put mine up, and, not looking at him, he began and said, 'God bess 'iss food.'

CASSIE.

Seeburn, Man.

Dear Editor, — I am a little girl, eight years old, I like to read the 'Messenger,' but I like poetry best, and the letters other little children write. I only get to school for six months, as we live two and a half miles from school; but my brother, John, has a horse called Nellie, and we drive all summer. There are not many children at our school, only eight, and the most was twelve. We have a very nice lady teacher, and we learn to sing and do exercise with our arms and body. She is also our Sunday-school teacher. I never saw an apple tree or a train or a boat, as I was born in this country, and we are fourteen miles from the railway; but I am going to have a ride on the cars to Ontario some time, and see my grandpa, grandma, uncle and aunts. Perhaps I will write again and tell something I have seen. Your little subscriber,

MAY.

Amherst, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am seven years old. I am a little Band of Hope boy, and I wear a red, white and blue badge. Our Band is called 'Progress,' and we hold meetings every other Tuesday night. I often say some pieces at our Band, and I like it very much. I have a little kitten called Toby, and a very cute, cunning little cat it is. It comes up to my room every morning and wakes me by purring. I began to take the 'Messenger' this year, and like it very much. Yours truly,

M. L. B.

Caradoc, Burwell Roads.

Dear Editor,—I am eleven years old, and go to school every day, and I am in the third reader. We live on a farm beside the River Thames. We often go to the river and fish, as the water is generally shallow in summer. I have four sisters, one only old enough to go with me to school. We get the 'Northern Messenger.' as a Christmas present from an uncle of mine in Hamilton, and like it very much. We used to have a pet chicken, we called it Frank. When it came evening it would hop upon my lap and put its head under my arm, then I would put it in its box and cover it up. When morning came it would get out, and if its breakfast was ready it would eat, and then go off in the sun. I go to Sunday-school nearly every Sunday. I think now I will tell you that we were making syrup. Father tapped about two hundred and ninety trees. We generally make a big kettle of maple sugar in the spring. It is great fun to gather the sap and see it boil in the big pan. Perhaps I will write some other time about the Band of Hope. Yours truly,

MYRTLE.

Greensville.

Dear Editor,—We live on a farm, and it is on a mountain. The peak is on our place, and lots of people come up to it every day from Dundas, and spend the afternoon, for it is a pretty place, and there are falls near it, and more, farther on. Its name is Webster Falls, and the other, Lew's Falls,

ALEATHA.

Great Village, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am eight years old: I go to school every day. I haven't missed a day this term. I have no sister, but I have two brothers, one is nineteen years old, and one is two years old. My father is a blacksmith. My little brother likes to go to the shop. I go to a Band of Hope and Sunday-school. My papa has taken the 'Northern Messenger,' for twenty years. We cannot do without it now. We have a horse, her name is Maude, We have a colt, her name is Dinah. We have two cows. In summer we go to the shore and gather shells, and take off our shoes and stockings and wade in the salt water, and sometimes we go and gather wild strawberries. Good bye, from your little friend,

MILDRED.

I guess I'll laugh when I see this in the paper.

Boissevain.

Dear Editor,—All our Sunday-school take this paper. I think the stories in the 'Northern Messenger ' are very nice, especially the stories on the children's page. I have two sisters. One is married, and lives at Plum Coulee; and the other is a milliner, and she stays at home.

LILLIE,
Age eleven.

Plum Hollow, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My little brother takes the 'Northern Messenger,' which I am very fond of reading. I live in the country in a place called Plum Hollow, which I shall try to describe:—It is a valley three miles long, with a hill on each side. One hill, which I shall speak of, is very beautiful, and is decorated with a school-house and a beautiful little church, which is a Baptist church,

BERTHA.

Hillsvale, N.S.

Dear Editor,—We live near Halifax, which has the finest harbor in the world. I am nine years old. I have taken the 'Northern Messenger.' for five years, and think it a very nice paper. My cousin May got a picture of the Queen this year, and is well pleased with it,

FLORENCE.

Toronto.

Dear Editor,—I have never written to you, but I would like to be one of your boys. I am a Sabbath-school scholar, and get the Messenger,' every Sunday, and enjoy the

letters very much. I have three little sisters, and one little brother, in heaven. His name was Clarence. We loved him very much, but God loved him better. My oldest sister's name is Myrtle, and the next Geraldine, and the baby's name is Rebecca. She is the pet of the house. I will close my letter. Yours truly,

HAROLD.

Voss, N.D.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Northern Messenger,' and I think it the nicest paper I have ever seen. I live in North Dakota, near the village of Voss. We have an artesian well which overflows. I went to hear a temperance lecturer, and signed the pledge. I wore my badge to school, and when the scholars saw it some of them signed too.

KATIE.

Lower Selmah, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Northern Messenger,' and like it very much. It has been taken in the family for over thirty years. I am thirteen years old. My father is a shipbuilder. He is building a vessel. We live on Cobequid Bay. Yours truly,

MAGGIE.

Durham.

Dear Editor,—After reading so many interesting letters in your paper, especially from those that live in other provinces, I thought I would write also; for I know that perhaps some would like to hear from this part of the Dominion.

The first thing that I hear in the morning when I awake is the frogs croaking. Their tone is not very musical, but on a calm evening or bright morning it is pleasant to listen to them. In a few minutes I hear the rooster crowing; but above all these different sounds, I hear the sweet music of the birds in the trees.

I have no pets, except an old cat, which I call Frisk, but I like all kinds of animals, and hate very much to hear of any one, or see any person, treating them cruelly.

I am very fond of reading, and have read quite a number of nice and pleasant books; but not any that are exciting, for I get excited, and can hardly wait to see what has happened. I am reading the 'Life of Dr. Paton,' which is very interesting.

I receive the 'Northern Messenger' every week, and we all like to read the pleasant stories that are printed in its pages. I always like to read the temperance stories and catechism, and I am sure every boy and girl ought to shun tobacco and all alcoholic drinks.

ISABELLA.

Carnduff, Assa.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl nearly twelve years old, and live on the banks of Thunder Creek, in the North-West Territory. We moved here six years ago from Winchester, Ont. The water is very high here now, and we have great fun watching it these days. It is about fifty feet from the bank down to the water. We have fine times sliding down the hill in the winter. My brother Harold made a raft last summer, and we went up and down the creek; but papa is going to get us a boat this summer. We drive a nice little blind pony to school, Her name is Flo. We get lots of prairie chickens in the fall and wild-ducks.

GERTRUDE.

Maxwell, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Although not a child, will you for once allow a senior reader to write a few lines?

Daisy's letter made me wish that all the young writers would take an interest in doing something for the benefit of others. If they continued this practice it would prevent them from growing up into selfish men and women. They would also enjoy life much better than if they lived only for themselves.

A lady who had become weary of a life spent in amusement asked the famous Dr. Abernethy to give her a prescription to remove her unpleasant feelings, he at once wrote and handed her these few words, 'Do something for somebody else.' She took his advice and regained her interest in life.

If the correspondents would spend some of their leisure time making scrap-books, pasting in religious stories, hymns and pictures, they, as well as any other good reading would be gladly received in hospitals, jails, or lumber camps where life is very monotonous. Yours truly,

LOO.

Pittsburg, Ind., U.S.

Dear Editor,—I live two and a half miles from the Wabash River, and about a quarter of a mile from the Tippecanoe River. We once raised a lamb, but he would butt the boys. One time a boy came to my house, and the lamb knocked him down, but I drove the lamb off. I am ten years old and weigh sixty pounds. I have often wondered how people could live in Canada, it is so cold!

Your friend,

WALTER.

Bay View, St. Vincent.

Dear Editor,—My grandma sends the 'Northern Messenger' to us, and we like reading it very much. I have six brothers and one sister. I will be ten years old on Aug. 9. We have a nice peacock, and he is very proud. Your little friend,

GERTIE.

South Maitland.

Dear Editor,—We have been taking the 'Messenger' for a long time. I like it very much.

We live in Nova Scotia. We can see Cobequid Bay and the Cobequid Mountains.

BLANCHE.

Solmesville.

Dear Editor,—I live on the shores of the Bay of Quinte, in Prince Edward County. I have just begun taking the 'Northern Messenger' this year, and I have already got interested in the letters from the children.

We have a Mission Band here at Solmesville, and it is called the 'Little Helpers' Mission Band.' Our band was organized in 1896, with six members; we now have over thirty members. We take fifteen copies of the 'Palm Branch,' and we give one to every family represented at the Band. Our Band meets at four o'clock, at the close of public school, on the second Friday of every month. I am corresponding secretary of the Band.

One of my little girl friends and I went around our neighborhood collecting unused garments for the poor in one of our Home Missions. We succeeded in getting quite a lot, which have been sent to their destination. We made a quilt for the Indians at Chilliwhack. We succeeded in raising over nine dollars by charging each person five cents and upwards for the privilege of having their names upon the quilt. At a parlor social got up by the Ladies' Aid, the Mission Band children sold handkerchiefs, pincushions, needle-holders, candies and other articles, and made several dollars. Now don't you think we are 'Little Helpers?'

The Rev. Mr. Horn, a returned missionary from China, gave a very interesting address in our church some time ago. He illustrated his address by the map of China, and very many curiosities. He told about some of the customs of that country. If any person should travel to see their friends, their first greeting would be, 'How old you have grown since I saw you last,' and this was considered a great compliment. On a Chinaman's cap some hair is fastened. The hair is about ten inches long, and the rest is black silk fastened on it.

When a Chinese baby boy is one year old his father makes a great feast, and the guests bring presents for him. Besides this a pair of slippers with a cat's head on each, are placed upon his feet, that he may be safe and sure-footed as a cat.

MARION.

South Burlington, Vt.

Dear Editor,—I am twelve years old. I get the 'Messenger' every Friday, and read it from beginning to end, on Sunday. I like it very much. I am going to tell you about our camp. It is on Ben Law's Island, in Lake Champlain, about half a mile from the shore.

We can drive over most of the time in the summer, because the water is so shallow.

We go fishing and bathing. I remember once when father and I went out fishing. We had fished a long time, when all at once a bass bit my hook. It was so large that I could not pull it in; but held on as long as I could, and then father pulled it in for me. That was the only fish we caught that day.

Yours truly,

PERCY.

Loree, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have been much interested in reading the letters that are in this beautiful little paper, the 'Messenger.'

We get our mail at Loree. The days that mail comes up are Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. The 'Northern Messenger' comes up on Friday. And I am always in a great hurry to get the paper. I go to school every day that the weather is fine. I am twelve years old. I am studying the lessons for the entrance examination in June.

My best pets are the Sunday-school papers.

MAGGIE.

Clio, Iowa.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy seven years old, and live in the country on a farm; and I intend to be a farmer when I am a man, if I live. And a temperance man, too, I will be. I hope now that I will never have a taste for whiskey, or tobacco, as I grow up to be a man; for I want to be a gentleman. There are to be seen every day on our streets of Clio, little boys no older than me, smoking a pipe or a cigar, as big as any of the men. I do not intend to be like those little boys.

I have a little dog, his name is Spry; he is so good to chase the chickens from the yard, or a pig, if they happen to get in. I have a kitty, and I love it dearly. I have a little colt, and call it Ned. I raise a little crop of corn every year and sell it to pa. I tend it myself with my little hand-plough. Last season I raised sixty-six big yellow ears of corn; next year I want to try and raise more, if I can.

My ma is going to have the 'Northern Messenger' sent to a little boy friend of mine, who is a poor little cripple. He has to stay in bed all the time, for he has but one leg and foot to stand on, and can not walk. Thinking it might help him to while away his lonesome hours, I go to see him as often as I can; and I always take him a little present of something. I will be so glad when Jesus comes, hoping my little friend will have two feet to walk on then. Wishing you the best success, your little friend,

JOHN B.

The Telescope of Faith.

Two old fishermen were down on the beach of a fishing village, every now and then looking down the reach of the broad river for a vessel they expected to arrive from the sea. Presently a little girl, led by the hand of her mother, came tripping down the rugged steps from her cottage home on the side of the cliff. The two old fishermen were her grandfathers, the one her mother's father, the other, the father of her father, who had perished a few years before in a storm at sea.

'Oh, grandfather,' said she, 'let me look through that "big glass" which you have got.'

The child was a favourite with both, and in no great length of time she was looking through the 'big glass,' as it was held by the one and steadied by the other.

'Oh, dear,' she exclaimed, 'how near the opposite bank is! I can see the rocks, and the people; and away back there is a large house, with beautiful grounds and gardens, and ladies and gentlemen walking in them. How low down the clouds seem, and how beautifully soft and nice they look. And there is the sun, so bright and shining that it dazzles my eyes to look at it.'

Now, what the telescope was to the child, and, indeed, to all who use the wonderful instrument, that faith is to the Christian. That is what we mean by the 'Telescope of Faith.' It brings distant objects near; it gives to remote scenes a present reality.

IN NO GREAT LENGTH OF TIME SHE WAS LOOKING THROUGH THE 'BIG GLASS.'

Abraham lived nearly two thousand years before Christ was born into this world, and yet Jesus told the Jews, who prided themselves on being the children of Abraham, 'Your father Abraham rejoiced to see my day; he saw it and was glad.' Now, how was this? Why, he looked through the telescope of faith. The things distant nearly twenty centuries were brought quite near as he looked through this glass.

Faith brings God very near to us, into our very heart; it brings heaven into our souls, as though we saw its glories, and joined in its sweet songs.

Looking through the telescope of faith Abraham saw Christ's day, and all the promises of the everlasting covenant fulfilled in him. And if we use it ourselves, we shall see more than Abraham saw, more than angels have seen or can see as yet, our own happiness in the beatific visions of heaven, the triumph of Christ over all evil, and the kingdoms of our God and of his Christ, that he may reign, and we with him, for ever and ever.—'R. Shindler in 'Cottager and Artizan.'

A Make-Believe Story With Some True Lessons.

Once upon a time there was a gray wall near a road. It hid a beautiful garden from the people who passed by. But the wall itself was so ugly that no one cared to look twice at it. One spring morning a tiny little green leaf, not as large as your baby brother's fingernail, peeped out of the ground. It looked up at the sky and said, 'Oh how beautiful!' And then it looked at the green grass and said, 'You are pretty, too; I love you.' But when it saw the great wall, so high and dark, the little leaf curled up in the grass for fear it might be crushed. But after a few days the little leaf grew stronger and braver. The sun came and laughed over it, and the dew came and gave it a drink, and before many days it had grown large enough to have quite a fine shadow, which is, I am told, a great honor in the plant world. Pretty soon it had some brothers and sisters, and they used to have nice times dancing and fluttering when the baby winds came to play with them.

But one day one of the leaves said, 'I am sorry for this great wall. The sun shines on it, but it never gets green The dew comes to it every night, but it never seems to drink. When the jolly little winds come it never dances or plays. It stands there so cold and sad and ugly, I would like to cover it.' Then all the little brothers and sisters said

'To be sure! Let's cover the old gray wall. It would be ever so much better than playing all summer long!'

So they went to work at once. They first touched the wall, then they clung to it closely. Sometimes the little winds came and tried to coax them away from their lovely work; but they only laughed and fluttered, and said, 'No, indeed!' and clung all the closer to the old wall. Now,—would you believe it?—from the very minute that the little leaves began their work, they grew twice as fast and enjoyed life ever so much more. But before the summer was over the nicest thing of all happened. Some little buds began to grow, and pretty soon they burst open and there were the loveliest blossoms, red and golden and sweet.

Then the people who passed stopped to look, and they would say to each other, 'How lovely that old wall is!' 'What a picture!' Then the dear little leaves laughed for joy to hear their ugly old friend praised, but not once did they think about themselves. They did not know that it was their work that people were praising. You see they had done it all for love, and not even one little bit for their own glory.

Now, who will find a lesson, or perhaps two lessons or even more, in this story?—'Children's Work for Children.'

If I Knew.

If I knew the box where the smiles were kept,
No matter how large the key,
Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard,
'Twould open, I know, for me.
Then over the land and the sea, broadcast,
I'd scatter the smiles to play,
That the children's faces might hold them fast
For many and many a day.

If I knew a box that was large enough
To hold all the frowns I meet,
I would like to gather them, every one,
From nursery, school, and street,
Then folding and holding I'd pack them in,
And turning the monster key,
I'd hire a giant to drop the box
To the depths of the deep, deep sea.

—Maud Wyman in 'The American Jewess.'

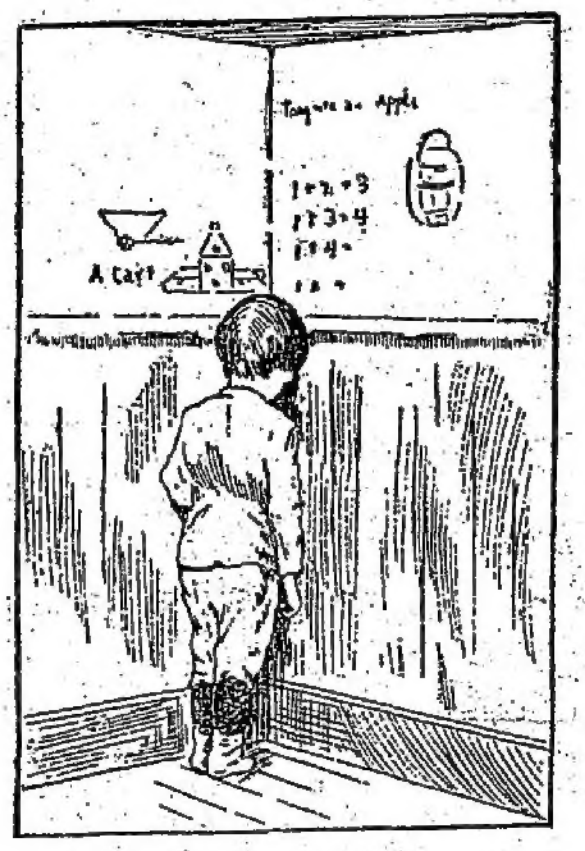
Bobby's Two Pictures.

(Belle V. Chisholm in 'Sunbeam.')

Robby Laird was a bright, jolly little fellow, but he gave those who loved him best a great deal of trouble by insisting upon having his own way.

One morning he came to school cross and peevish, and although the teacher was very patient with him, he acted so naughty, that long before the forenoon was over, she was obliged to punish him by sending him to stand in the corner.

This made him very angry, and



BOBBY WAS PUNISHED.

he cried and stamped and frowned until he made such a disagreeable picture that the teacher pressed the button of her kodak, determined to let him see how he looked when in such a passion.

Robby understood her designs, and, stopping his crying, turned his face to the wall, and kept that position until the teacher told him to go to his seat.

But he had not been quick enough to prevent the kodak from catching an impression of his angry features, and the next day the teacher could scarcely make him believe that the repulsive picture she showed him was his own likeness. Placing a photograph of Robby's usually smiling, happy face by the side of the one taken yesterday, she explained:

'You see there are two Robby Lairds—the good, and the bad; and there is just as much difference in their actions as their looks.'

'I'll choose the good,' said Robby, frowning at the scowling face in the teacher's left hand.

'It is the thoughts and the actions that change the face, Robby,' said the teacher, 'and if you do not wish your face to grow like this one, you must think and speak and act in a way to keep it sweet and sunshiny.'

Forgiveness.

(By Julia H. Johnston.)

Hal and Herbert had quarrelled, sad to say. Little brothers do not always play happily together. There is no more happiness in play when anger and selfishness come in, you may depend, and so these small brothers were very unhappy and cross after their quarrel.

Then mamma tried to have them make friends again, and at last Herbert was willing, but Hal was not. He felt that his brother had done wrong on purpose; and although Herbert said he was sorry, he would not forgive him.

'I don't feel the forgive in my deep-down heart,' he said to mamma, 'and till I feel the forgive, I won't say it.'

'You must not say it if you do not mean it,' answered mamma, 'but I want you to feel it.'

'I can't,' said Hal.

'Yes, you can,' said mamma. 'I will leave you by yourself for a little while, and you must spend the time thinking how you would feel if I should not forgive you, and love you, when you do wrong, and if Jesus did not. Ask him, in your heart, to help you, and think about it quietly, by yourself.' And she left him. Herbert went away too.

Hal was still angry, when left alone, but after a while he began to think of his own wrong-doing and need of forgiveness, as mamma said. At last a little prayer came up from his heart, only three words, 'Jesus, help me,' but it was heard.

'I feel the forgive now, and I'll say it,' he cried to mamma and Herbert, running to meet them with a happy face.—'Little Pilgrim.'

'He Hath Done All Things Well.'

Though oft I find my failing feet
So prone to wander from thy way,
Still in thy mercy thou dost meet
The lamb which from thy side doth stray.

For help and tender care, my voice
Will of thy loving dealings tell,
This makes my gladsome heart rejoice;
My Jesus hath done all things well.

—'Band of Hope Review.'

Catechism for Little Water-Drinkers.

(Julia Colman, in National Temperance Society, New York.)

LESSON XII. — WHY WE NEED WATER.

1. Why do we need so much to drink?

Because this body works by fluids and it is full of them.

2. How can you prove that this body is full of fluids?

If we stick a pin in anywhere (*motion*) we bring out the fluid blood.

3. What is done to every food we eat?

It is wet with the fluids of the mouth so that we can swallow and use it up.

4. What is done to it in the stomach?

The gastric juice is poured in to make it more fluid and work it over.

5. After it is made fluid in the stomach where does it go?

It is poured into the blood, which takes it to all parts of the body.

6. What good does it do there?

It makes every part grow and keep strong.

7. Why should there be plenty of moisture?

So that all the parts of the body can work easily.

(Turn the hands and move the fingers.)

8. Could we move our hands and fingers if they were dry inside?

No; they would be stiff like sticks.

9. What do we find in all the fluids of the body?

They are all made up with water.

10. What kind of a machine is this body?

A machine that runs by water.

Scientific Temperance Catechism.

(By Mrs. Howard Ingham, Secretary Non-Partisan W. C. T. U., Cleveland, Ohio.)

LESSON XII.—MORE ABOUT THE BLOOD.

1. What did you learn in the last lesson about the blood?

That it is a river of life, flowing from the heart to all parts of the body to repair its waste.

2. Is this waste always going on?

Yes, always. We cannot move, or even think, without destroying some little part of the body, which must be built up again from the blood.

3. How large a part of the body is blood?

About a tenth of the whole weight.

4. What did you learn about the heart?

That it is a little force-pump, driving the blood through the arteries to every part of the body.

5. Can you trace the journey of the blood over the body?

The blood, fresh and bright red in color, starts from the left upper room of the heart, and passes through the little trap door or valve, into the left lower room. Then the heart, pressing the sides of this room together, drives the blood out. The little trap door through which it came is now closed, so it cannot flow back; so it rushes out into the large pipe or artery. It flows along through branch after branch of the artery until it reaches the very farthest part of the body.

6. What is the blood doing as it goes?

It is doing two important things. It leaves behind, along its journey, its good, rich, building material, to repair the waste in various parts of the body. And it is also picking up waste, worn-out material to bring back.

7. When it reaches the far-off parts of the body does it look just as it did when it started?

No, it is very much changed. It started out bright red, but it has become dark and blue, from the quantity of waste matter it has taken up.

8. What happens next?

It passes through the tiny, hair-like capillaries to the little veins, and through them to the larger veins, and so on and on till it reaches the heart once more.

9. Which part of the heart does it now enter?

The right upper room, from which it passes through the little trap-door into the right lower room.

10. What happens next?

The blood has grown so impure in taking up so much waste material that it must be cleansed before it is again fit to go over the body. So it is next sent to the lungs for this very purpose.

11. What are the lungs?

They are two pink bodies situated behind the heart, and filling a large part of the chest. They are made up of little blood-vessels, and a very great many little air cells.

12. What is the use of the lungs?

To bring to the dark, impure blood, the fresh air needed to cleanse it.

13. How do they do this?

The impure blood comes from the heart, as we have seen, and is spread out through the tiny blood-vessels of the lungs. Every time we breathe we fill the little air cells of the lungs with clean, fresh air. Now the air-cells and the blood-vessels are very close together, separated only by a thin membrane finer than tissue-paper. The clean air passes through the membrane into the blood, and the impure matter in the blood also passes through the membrane into the air-cells, and is breathed out with our next breath.

14. Then what becomes of the blood?

It is now clean and fresh and red again, and is carried back to the left side of the heart, to begin its journey over again.

15. This seems like a long journey; how much time has it really taken?

Only about two minutes. And it is going on over and over every minute of our lives, whatever we are doing, whether awake or asleep.

Hints to Teachers.

The chart or drawing of the circulatory system, recommended in our last lesson, will be quite indispensible in this, which can only be properly taught with pointer in hand, tracing to the childish eyes the journey of the fresh blood from the heart over the body, back to the heart and out to the lungs, and back to its starting-point once more. The whole topic is of extreme interest to the children if so illustrated as to be readily followed. Many truths will be readily comprehended if merely suggested; the necessity of full, deep breathing, so that all the air-cells may be filled, and the blood in all the little blood-vessels of the lungs thoroughly cleansed; the need for careful ventilation of rooms where people are constantly throwing out into the air the impurities brought from their whole bodies on the blood river; and other matters of great importance.

An Evil Habit.

It is understood, on what seems good authority, that many of the boys in our schools are smoking cigarettes. These boys are under sixteen. That the habit is vile in itself, that it injures these boys physically, mentally and morally, none will deny. It is simply impossible for any boy to smoke cigarettes and take the rank in his school work or in his sports which he ought to take. He carries about in his mind and body the curse of weakness. It is first the business of the parents to see to this. Still, teachers and committees can do something. In the first place, it is unlawful to sell cigarettes to boys under sixteen. The law can and should be executed. Much can be done in this way. No man has a moral or a legal right to curse a boy at five cents a dose. Then much can be done by earnest and wise personal efforts. These habits are not yet firmly formed. If the teachers will, they can make it hot for a thing of this kind. At the least teachers and committee can keep boys from smoking during school hours. Let this be done. It is certainly a great pity, if a boy cannot live in peace until he is sixteen, before the devil stuffs him with rum and tobacco.—'Leominster Enterprise.'

Why Suppress the Liquor Traffic.

(By the Rev. B. W. Williams.)

There is urgent necessity for the prohibition of the liquor traffic. The evils produced by it are so malignant, deep-seated and wide-spread that nothing less than its total suppression will be effective as a remedy. If it is the right and duty of the State to enact laws enforcing such measures as are necessary for the public good, and prohibiting those things which are detrimental to the general welfare, it would seem that the suppression of the liquor traffic is the most wholesome and necessary legislation that could be enacted.

'Shall we who rule this nation,
Shall they who legislate,
This dread abomination
Henceforth perpetuate?

Forbid it, Lord; have pity,
And hear our earnest plea;
Let every town and city,
From this dread curse be free.'

The good results of prohibition, where the experiment has been tried, demonstrate the wisdom and effectiveness of the measure. In Maine, Kansas and Iowa it has had the best chance, and its effects have been very gratifying to the friends of the cause. Governors, congressmen, judges, attorneys, editors, clergymen, prison keepers, and chiefs of police unite in testifying that prohibitory liquor laws have resulted in great good. They have almost entirely suppressed the manufacture of liquor in the above mentioned States; the saloons have been closed, except in a few of the large cities; drunkenness has been reduced to a very small amount; crime has decreased until many jails are empty, and the dockets of courts are sometimes found to contain not a single criminal case; public morals have been greatly improved; education has advanced; intelligence and thrift have increased; and the people are better fed, clothed and sheltered, and less in debt, than when the saloons existed.

Prohibition is in harmony with the divine method of dealing with strong drink. God has enacted special statutes prohibiting the use of intoxicants among his people. The priests were forbidden to drink wine for the reason that it would disqualify them for the duties and responsibilities of their office. It is also stated that kings and princes should not drink wine, lest it should cause forgetfulness of God's laws and perversion of judgment. The children of Israel had absolute prohibition during their entire sojourn of forty years in the wilderness, by the direct authority and encouragement of God. — 'Christian Work.'

LESSON IX.—MAY 29.

The Last Supper.

Matt. xxvi., 17-30. Memory vs. 26-28.

Golden Text.

'As often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death till he come.' I. Cor. xi., 26.

Christian Endeavor Topic.

M. Matt. xxvi., 1-30.—The Lord's Supper.
T. Mark xiv., 12-26.—Mark's account of it.
W. Luke xxii., 7-30.—According to Luke.
T. John xiii., 1-30.—As witnessed by the Beloved Disciple.
F. I. Cor. xi., 23-34. — As received by Paul from Christ.
S. Matt. xxvi., 31-56.—Jesus in Gethsemane.
S. Matt. xxvi., 57-75.—At the High Priest's palace.

Lesson Story.

The time of the Passover feast had come and the disciples asked our Lord where they should prepare the humble meal. Jesus told them to go to a certain man in Jerusalem and tell him that the Master and his disciples would keep the passover at his house. This the disciples did and prepared the feast in the room shown to them by the goodman of the house. When the evening was come, Jesus sat down to supper with the twelve disciples, and as they began to eat he told them sorrowfully that one of them should betray him. Each in the deepest sorrow and humility asked, 'Lord, is it I?'

Now, in that country it was a symbol of covenanted friendship to have but one dish into which each person dipped his bread and ate. Jesus loved Judas, even though he knew the awful treachery in his heart. Probably Judas was dipping his bread into the dish at the moment Jesus answered, 'He that dippeth his hand with me in the dish, the same shall betray me. The Son of Man goeth as it is written of him: but woe unto that man by whom the Son of Man is betrayed! it had been good for that man if he had not been born.'

Then, Judas, fearing to attract attention by his guilty silence, asked, 'Rabbi, is it I?' Jesus answered, 'Thou hast said.' The traitor probably left the house then as his name is not mentioned again in this scene.

Then, as they were eating, Jesus took bread, and blessed it, and breaking, gave it to the disciples, saying, 'Take, eat; this is my body.' He took the cup of fresh grape juice and gave thanks to God, then giving the cup to his disciples he said, 'Drink ye all of it; for this is my blood of the new testament which is shed for many for the remission of sins. But I say unto you, I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom.'

And when they had sung a hymn of solemn joy and praise to God, they went out unto the Mount of Olives, he went out to all the agony of Gethsemane, to all the bitterness of Judas's betrayal and Peter's denial and his followers' desertion. To all these he went out in the holy peace and calm of God after singing a hymn to his Father.

Lesson Hymn.

This is the hour of banquet and of song,
This is the heavenly table spread for me;
Here let me feast, and, feasting, still prolong
The brief, bright hour of fellowship with Thee.

Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face,
Here would I touch and handle things unseen,
Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal grace,
And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

Here would I feed upon the Bread of God,
Here drink with Thee the royal Wine of Heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load;
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

Too soon we rise; the symbols disappear;
The Feast, though not the Love, is past and gone;
The bread and wine remove; but Thou art here,
Nearer than ever; still my Shield and Sun.

Feast after feast thus comes, and passes by;
Yet, passing, points to the glad Feast above,
Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great Bridal Feast of bliss and love.

—H. Bonar.

Lesson Hints.

Read the other accounts of the institution of the Lord's Supper, (Mark. xiv., 12-26: Luke xxii., 7-38: John xiii., 1-38.)

Read also the account of the first Passover (Ex. xii., 3-30.)

'Where wilt thou'—the feast was appointed to be eaten in Jerusalem, and for that week those who had spare rooms gave them freely to the pilgrims who came up to Jerusalem for the feast. This room had already been prepared by the goodman, who was probably a secret disciple.

'My time is at hand'—the time of his betrayal and death.

'Is it I?'—each one distrusted himself but not his neighbor, so we must learn that true charity which sees our own mistakes and shortcomings before our neighbors.'

'As it is written of him'—(Dan. ix., 26: Isa. liii., 2-10.)

'This is my body'—this is a symbol of my body, as this bread is broken for you to eat, so has my body been broken for you, feed your souls upon me for I am the bread of life.

'The cup'—the pure, fresh grape juice, the blood of the vine was a fitting emblem of the life of the "true vine." To use fermented wine in the celebration of the Lord's Supper is to degrade that feast by unhallowed emblems. Christ could not bless that drink which brings such misery and ruin to mankind.

'This is my blood'—this pure juice of the vine is a type of my life blood, which is shed for you and for all the world, a fountain in which all sins may be washed away.

'The new testament'—the old testament or covenant provided for atonement of sins by the blood of beasts, fresh sacrifices having to be made daily, and many times a day, to atone for the many sins. The new covenant between God and humanity was sealed by the blood of Christ, 'as of a lamb without blemish,' and one great everlasting atonement was made by him then, so that whosoever believeth on him shall be forgiven and saved from sin.

Primary Lesson.

We are learning to-day about the New Testament, the covenant which our Lord Jesus made between us and himself with his own blood. We learn how the 'Lord's Supper,' or 'Holy Communion,' which Christians celebrate together in Church is a type and reminder of this blessed Covenant. Our Lord Jesus said, 'I am the Bread of Life,' (John vi., 35.). So the bread is a type or picture of his body, which was broken for us when Jesus hung upon the cruel cross.

The wine, when it is pure and unfermented grape-juice, is a type of the blood of Jesus Christ which was shed for us. It reminds us that our hearts must be washed in the blood of Jesus, for nothing else can cleanse them from sin.

If we spent our whole lives in doing kind acts we could never atone for the sins we have done. Every moment of disobedience to God is a sin. But if we truly repent and confess our sins to God, he quickly forgives us for Jesus' sake.

In the Old Testament between God and man, a lamb or a goat or a bull had to be sacrificed to God by a priest whenever a man sinned. In the New Testament, our Lord Jesus is both the priest and the 'Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world.' No man can come between us and our Saviour, we must trust in Jesus alone for forgiveness and salvation.

Suggested Hymns.

'There is a fountain,' 'What can wash away my sin?' 'Not all the blood of beasts,' 'Blessed be the Fountain of Blood,' 'My God, and is Thy Table spread?' 'Beneath the Cross of Jesus.'

Practical Points.

May 29.—Matt. xxvi., 17-30.

A. H. CAMERON.

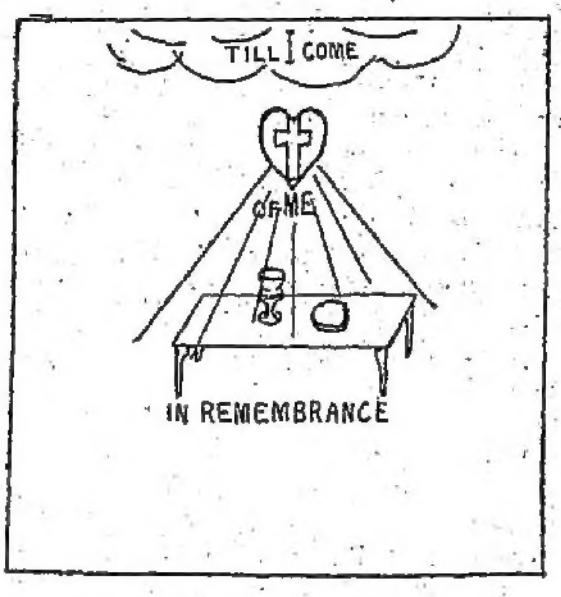
Before beginning any enterprise it is well to ask direction from our Heavenly Father. Verse 17.

The answer our Father often gives his children may try their faith, but loving, loyal hearts will stand the test. Verses 18 and 19.

God's 'verilys' are either sad facts or precious promises. Verses 20, 21: Matt. x., 42.

The Lesson Illustrated.

This is symbolized already by him who had the power of so seizing upon the heart of an illustration that it cannot be improved upon, but is forever stamped with his ownership. The illustration then pictures to us the communion table, with the cup of wine and the round, flat Eastern bread. The Christ



symbol sends down rays of light, illuminating the symbols of his glory. The words read upward from the lowest line. 'In remembrance of ME.' 'Till I come.' So that we remember the death but not the dead. He who was dead but is alive for ever more and of whose present love the emblems of a life completely given up for us are the glad tokens.

Home Readings.

May 29. — Christian growth. — Ps. xcii., 7-15: Eph. iv., 11-16.

Class Independence.

Many a school is torn by discussion arising from the feeling of class superiority and class independence. The teacher that wishes to govern his class to suit his own wishes, and who plans entertainments and meetings and schemes of benevolence that clash or interfere with the plans of the superintendent and the other teachers, is usually the teacher of an adult class. Very few superintendents would refuse sanction to the plans of these adult classes. But the trouble is that the sanction is not sought. It is very hard sometimes for the aggressive, emphatic teacher to yield gracefully and gently to the will of the majority. Envy and strife and hasty speech are always to be deplored, 'for where envying and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work.' Let us pray that the Master who cast devils out of so many poor afflicted dwellers in Judea may cast these demons of unrighteousness out of our meetings, out of our hearts, and out of our lives. Let us not forget that 'the servant of the Lord must not strive.'—Geo. Schwitzer.

Lasting Work.

'He that winneth souls is wise.' It is a wise thing to win a soul, because the soul alone, of all created things, is destined to abide. Work wrought on every other fabric beside will perish at the last conflagration; the heavens will melt with fervent heat, the earth and all the works thereof shall be burned up, the rocks on which men have engraved their names will become liquid, bronzes, gold, silver with their epitaphs will dissolve, the soul alone will outlive the pyramids, the Sphinx, the rocks, the earth, the sun and the stars; and therefore, if we desire to do work which will last, it is a wise thing to do it for the soul. Win a soul for God, and you have set in motion impulses which will vibrate when Time is a memory, a bubble on the ocean of eternity.—Rev. F. B. Meyer.

HOUSEHOLD.

Eating Before Sleeping.

A short time since physicians held the eating of food immediately before retiring almost a crime. The old theory is quite exploded. One medical journal, in commenting on the subject recently, said that while it is not good, as a matter of fact, to go to bed with the stomach so loaded that the undigested food will render one restless, still something of a light, palatable nature in the stomach, is one of the best aids to quietude and rest. The process of digestion goes on in sleep with as much regularity as when one is taking violent exercise to aid it, and so something in the stomach is very desirable for the night's rest. Some physicians have declared, indeed, that a good deal of the prevalent insomnia is the result of an unconscious craving of the stomach for food in persons who have been unduly frightened by the opinion that they must not eat before going to bed, or who have, like many nervous women, been keeping themselves in a state of semi-starvation. Nothing is more agreeable on retiring for the night than to take a bowl of hot broth, like oatmeal gruel, or some good nourishing soup. It is a positive aid to nervous people, and induces peaceful slumbers. This is especially the case during cold winter nights, when the stomach craves warmth as much as any other part of the body. Even a glass of hot milk is grateful to the palate on such occasions, but a bowl of light, well-cooked gruel is better, and during the cold months of winter should be the retiring food of every woman who feels, as many do, the need of food at night. —N. Y. 'Ledger.'

Caring for Linen.

In almost every household there are lovely bits of needle-work, doilies, cushion covers, table scarfs, splashers for washstands, and other articles made of linen, so beautifully decorated with silk embroidery that they are well worth preserving, and by caring for them properly they will last a life-time.

It has often been observed that linen was worn more by careless laundering than by use, and in spite of the fact that embroidery silks are warranted not to fade, any of them will do so if these articles are put in with the regular washing and rubbed and boiled like other white clothes. Use soft water that is heated until it is as warm as new milk. Rub lightly between the hands, using plenty of good soap to get them clean, and rinse in two waters, adding a little boiled starch and very little bluing to the second rinse water. Hang in a shady place where they will not freeze, and leave until half-dry. An upstairs room is a good place in winter. Roll tightly for an hour or two, and iron on the wrong side, placing the linen on an ironing-board which is covered with several thicknesses of flannel and a clean white cloth. This will bring out the embroidery nicely, making it look like new every time it is washed.—'Christian Work.'

Helpful Hints.

If a mother treats her young child as if it were her first doll, she need not be surprised to have it grow up with very little respect for her views concerning what is right and wrong for it.

When parents laugh at their little ones' misdoings and pertness and acts of disobedience and insubordination they are only preparing the way for a great deal of trouble for themselves, their offspring and everyone else in their family circle.

Children learn to know at a very early age whether their parents are persons of firm purpose, and consequently, to be obeyed, or vacillating and uncertain of purpose, and therefore easily to be overcome by persistence.

'Honor thy father and thy mother' is getting to be an obsolete commandment, 'more honored in the breach than in the observance.' American laxity in demanding the respectful obedience of their children is a matter of great wonderment to foreigners from all European countries.

A mother wrongs a child if she allows it to grow up lacking the proper training and discipline which will teach it its duty to itself, its parents and to society in general. —'Ladies' World.'

Learn to Speak.

The following suggestions on extemporaneous speaking, by Dr. Edward Everett Hale, may be of interest to those of our readers who wish to be ready for all emergencies, even that of being called upon to make a few remarks in public:

1. Think over what you have to say, and put your thoughts into words, either in writing or in speaking aloud to an imaginary person.
2. Say nothing of yourself, least of all in the introduction.
3. Arrange your points in order.
4. Stick to the order you have laid down.
5. Divide your time among your points according to their importance.
6. Keep exactly to the amount of time you have previously arranged for each point.
7. Stop when you are through.—'Educational Journal.'

Selected Recipes.

A Delicious Sponge Cake. — Two cups of flour, two cups of sugar, twelve eggs. Beat whites and yolks separately thirty minutes, putting the yolks with the sugar. Add one teaspoonful of baking-powder and flavoring.

A Tomato Suggestion.—The 'Evening Post' housekeeper says: For luncheon or the Sunday night tea, whole tomatoes, the top evened off and first generously treated with salt and pepper, then dusted with chopped parsley and a bit of grated onion, and served with a thick mayonnaise, is a dish to remember. The fruit should be scalded, peeled, and thoroughly chilled before being submitted to the flavoring process. When it is wished to chill tomatoes that have been scalded very quickly, lay pieces of ice on each, and dust a little salt over the ice. The skins of the tomato should never be eaten. They are absolutely indigestible.

String Bean Soup.—For this the 'Household' gives the following: Two cupfuls of beans cooked in one pint of celery stock and one pint of water; add one sprig of parsley, one or two slices of onion, and one clove. Rub through strainer saving the liquor. Return all to the kettle. Cook together one tablespoonful of butter and three of flour, add one cupful of milk and one of cream. Season with salt and pepper. Strain and serve.

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Corn, sweet early market	.10
Lettuce, Nonpareil	.05
Musk Melon, earliest of all	.10
Onion, selected, Yellow Danvers	.05
Parsnip, New Intermediate	.10
Parsley, triple curled	.05
Peas, New Queen	.10
Radish, Olive Gem, white tipped	.05
Squash, Hubbard Winter	.05
Tomato, New Canada	.10
Turnip, early stone	.05
Total	$1.10

In addition to the above an excellent novelty will be included free, consisting of a package of New Giant Chilian Salpiglossis; price, twenty cents.

The Kitchen Garden Collection to 'Messenger' Subscribers, post-paid, 45c, or with 'Messenger,' one year, 70c.

Offer No. 3.

The Flower Garden Collection.

Send five subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenegr' at thirty cents each, and secure offer No. 3 free.

	cents.
Aster, giant flowering, mixed colors	.15
Sweet Mignonette	.05
Pansy, new giant flowering, mixed	.10
Zinnia, mammoth double, all colors	.10
Nasturtium, tall, mixed	.05
Portulaca	.05
Candytuft, all colors	.05
Morning Glory	.05
Pinks, Double, China	.05
Balsam, Improved double mixed	.10
Marvel of Peru	.05
Verbena, mammoth flowering	.10
Stocks, large flowering, ten weeks	.10
Sweet Peas, the finest selection	.10
Phlox Drummondi, all colors	.05
Petunia, finest, all colors and shades	.10
Total	$1.25

In addition to above, an excellent novelty will be included free, consisting of a package of new Giant Chilian Salpiglossis; price, twenty cents.

The Flower Garden Collection to 'Messenger' Subscribers, post-paid, 45c, or with 'Messenger' one year, seventy cents.

ADDRESS:

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
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